



Love Club, The Story

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Fake/Pretend Relationship, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Friends to Lovers, M/M, Multi, Slow Burn, Trans Beverly, ahh georgies alive in this, and no one dies! it is all happy! kinda!

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-10-18

Updated: 2017-10-18

Packaged: 2020-01-26 21:31:44

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,868

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Basically, Richie moves to Derry and starts illegally attending an expensive private school while living in his dead grandparents mansion! Tries to pay for it by doing the worst things possible, befriends the losers club who try to help, and accidentally falls in love with a puppy dog eyed boy who he started fake dating!

and is this all surprising? Of course not, it is Richie Tozier after all.

Love Club, The Story

"DEAR DIARY,

Hey, it's me richie again! I haven't talked here in a while, but now i've settled at this new place i thought i'd pick this old thing up again!!

I've started going to some cool private school!!! Kinda sucks because the reason i'm here is because my momma didn't wanna deal with me anymore, but stanley goes here so thats something!! Stanleys my long time childhood best best best friend, he moved to derry when we were 11 though. Im 15 now though, and going into 10th grade!

When i first got to the place im staying at, no one was here!! Came to this huge ass mansion that my grandparents were living in so i could stay here while i go to the new school. Turns out they fuckin died or something!! So now i'm staying here by myself so hopefully i don't get haunted. I had already been enrolled and been set up to start going to the school, so it would be a total waste if i just flew back home!

Right now i'm supposed to be hanging out with stanley so i gotta go. Ill talk later soon, bye!"

Richie puts down his ink pen and closes his diary once the blue ink on the page had dried. There was something always so pleasing after writing to yourself in a diary. A sorta secure feeling? Don't understand why it's knocked down for having a diary so much.

Richie picks up his bright red backpack and pulls it over his shoulder after taking out a few books making it lighter. He still doesn't know his way around the big- house even after staying here for a few days already. He kind of liked the idea of staying with no one by himself though. As much as he is an extrovert, loneliness is fun to him sometimes. He also thinks of the amount of people he could invite to a party here, if he actually makes friends at the school.

It should be a frightening concept to him, starting a new school in sophomore year, but he's excited. He's excited for the amount of new opportunities here, the ways he'd make friends, the new people he'd

meet (good and bad), and the relationships he'd start (romantic or platonic). Excited for new beginnings.

He skips down the large steps of the stairs and hops out the front door, locking it behind him.

He's going to hang out with Stanley and his group friends. He's never met them but he's heard about them. A girl, who he doesn't remember the name of, a quiet boy named Bill, and a few others. The girl and Bill are the most talked about though. Sometimes Stan would spend hours ranting (or gushing) about his friends to Richie over the phone. He didn't mind, though Richies a huge talker, he loves listening just as much.

He hops onto his dull worn out red bike and starts pedaling, he doesn't know the town very well. He's going off of a map that Stanley had mailed him ages ago, explaining what his new town was like when he had first moved to Derry. There was a huge circled area that he explained as the place where him and his group of friends would meet up. That's where they were meeting at, a quarry filled with tons and tons of water. He's mentioned it quite a few times before so Richies a bit excited to finally see it with his own eyes.

He pedals faster out of excitement looking at the houses around him. He lives in a pretty rich neighborhood which makes him feel safer and happy. Where he lives with his mom, is a bad neighborhood. There's always shootings or kidnappings there. He's relieved to get a break from that.

He notices that there's also a park near by his house too. A pretty small and quiet one, so he makes a mental note to check it out later. He likes parks, even when he lived with his mom he always went to them by himself to study or get some fresh air. It makes him feel cleaner, or more at peace. A nostalgic feeling he doesn't experience often.

"Richie! You made it!! You're actually earlier than I thought you'd be!" Stanley's bright calming voice bursts from the road Richie's across from.

He peddled towards him with a bright smile on his face. He feels nostalgic. Meeting with a friend he hasn't seen since he was 11.

He pulls him in for a big hug and releases a exhale he didn't know he was holding. They were close enough to feel stanleys eyelashes brush against richies shoulder. Richie had grown a lot taller than his friend since the last time they talked. He was about 5'8 while stan was maybe 5'5. When they were younger stanley was always the taller one, making richie grumble and promise him he'd become taller one day, which came true.

He hears a cough behind him making the two break apart. It wasn't anything awkward, stanley's other friends behind looked just as happy for him. They didn't spend too little or too long having their first hug in years, it felt normal.

"So stanny boy, you gonna introduce me to your friends?" richie said in his loud voice, contrasting against the quietness in their group.

He looks around to the group. There's a tall girl, and an even taller boy. Not tall enough to be taller than richie though. The girl standing in front of him, staring at Stan now, is pale and has light red hair, long and went down to her waist. It looked wavy and untamed, but not in a bad way. She had shiny light emerald eyes and freckles beneath them. She looked as if she could be some sort of celebrity or someone you'd see on an expensive magazine at the grocery store checkout stand.

The boy standing next to her had straight blonde hair, and dark blue eyes, with a smile on his lips which seemed to be permanent since it was something he was always doing. He seemed a bit scrawny, but not in a bad. For example, if they were to get in a physical fight, the boy would definitely win. Not that he thought they would get in a fight, that's the complete opposite. He hopes he can become better friends with the smiley boy in front of him.

"Yeah!" Stan perked up. "Richie, this is Bill and Beverly." and motions to the two people standing besides him.

The girl, beverly, sticks her hand out for a strong handshake. She smiles brightly with her straight and whitened teeth as she states her

full name. Beverly Marsh. She has a deeper voice, almost boyish, but he doesn't mention it.

The blonde boy smiles at him again. "I- i'm... Bill. It's g-good to f-finally m-meet you." He said with a stutter. Even though he had a stutter he didn't seem shy, like Richie assumed most people with a stutter were. He seemed confident, and gives off a kind of leader vibe. Richie didn't know if he was gay, but if he was, he'd definitely bang that boy, he thought to himself.

"Yeah? Has Stan talked about me before?" he said with a question on his face and a cocky smile on his lips, turning his head to his best friend.

"Pfft, as if i'd talk about a trashmouth like you." he says sarcastically as the joke rolled off his tongue. Richie knew it was a joke, it was the way the two casually talked to each other.

"Trashmouth?! Me?! I'm wounded Stanley." He said in a faux sad voice, using the boys full name for a comedic effect instead of just "Stan", what he usually called him.

The girl let out a little snort at the interaction and looked at Richie with an impressed look. Maybe a look of admiration if viewed in the right lighting. Nothing romantic though. It was how a kid would look when an adult curses for the first time, making them look like a badass. Except richie wasn't an adult and he was pretty sure the girl was older than him.

"H-hey! Ben, Mike, and Eddie are here!" Bill points to the group of boys riding over on their bikes. After parking their bikes near mine and the others, they walked up to us with curiosity written on their faces after noticing the new boy richie.

"You gu-g-guys are late! What ha-happened?" Bill spoke up to the other 3 boys with a scolding tone in his voice. He walked a different directions with the six of us following behind him. He seemed to know where he was going so Richie didnt mind it.

"Well! I found mike and ben just hanging out by the kissing bridge, not even on their bikes! Doing god knows what! I tried to tell them to

hurry up but they said they saw a “lost dog”. So of course i played along, we were looking around for the dumb imaginary dog for so long only to end up finding a freaking squirrel! I thought it was gonna bite me!!” the tan brown haired boy rambles on. Richie cracks a small smile, amused at the boys story. He was cute and small. Like really small, he was about 5’2, maybe shorter. He had long eyelashes like a girls, and his dark eyebrows furrowed while telling his exaggerated story. Bill was laughing at his story too, seeming not as mad as he was when they first showed up.

The other boys standing beside them were Mike and Ben. He didn't know who which were since that's only what he picked up from the small brunettes story but they were both handsome boys who both seemed a little adult like. More mature than the rest if the group, he thinks. One was a muscular black boy with chocolate brown eyes, the other was a baby faced fat boy with light puffy pink lips.

“Wait- hold on, who the hell’s this guy?” the short tan boy stopped his story to point at Richie, which he made a sheepish smile in response at the boy.

“Th-th-thats... Stanley's best friend. Ch-childhood friends. He’s g-g-going to be s-starting school with us this y-year.” he smiled as he answered the boys question with a nodding Richie behind him. They finally get to the quarry and the scent of the unclean water gets clearer.

The new group walks over the edge of a cliff and starts taking their shirts off. “Wait. You guys are gonna jump? Are you crazy?” Richie had an amused, but nervous smile on his face.

“Uh huh. You join too!” Beverly said, taking off her dress. Richie felt his face go hot and had the urge to turn his face away. He didn't because it would make him look uncool, and give away that he was nervous at something small like this. She actually didn't have breasts like Richie had thought, making him a bit relieved. She just had a boyish body like the rest of us. He realized she is probably transgender and left the subject alone, not trying to make a big deal of something that he should think is normal.

“No no no way. It's you guys’ thing. Id feel like i'm intruding on some

tradition.” He said honestly. He did feel a bit guilty crashing their group. He felt guilty to be the new guy.

“What?! You’re one of us now, whether you like it or not!” She replied to the boy, nudging him a little before jumping down into the water below them. The others looked unfazed while Richie looks a bit startled.

“Yeah,” The baby faced boy Ben spoke up. “The lucky seven now that you joined!” He speaks optimistically. Bill smiles at that too. “You don’t have to jump if you don’t want to though.” He adds kindly, disagreeing with Beverly’s last statement.

“No! I will!! I’m not a scaredy cat!” Richie lies. He’s totally scared and he assumes it’s probably written all over his face.

“Pfft, that sounds like something a scaredy cat would say,” the brown haired short boy with puppy dog eyes teases. He’s still fully clothed and sitting on a rock beside the group.

“Sounds like something your mom said to me last night!” Richie said taking off his clothes and setting down his glasses on a rock.

“What? That doesn’t even make sense? Do you realize what you’re saying when the words leave your mouth-“ the brown haired boy said with a cracked smile. Richie couldn’t hear the rest because he had jumped already, hitting the water quickly and then grouping up with Beverly.

“Well Eddie, if the scaredy cat can jump, so can you.” Stanley said laughing at the both of them, making Eddie roll his eyes and his smile soon faded as he reluctantly took off his shirt.

One splash, then another, then another, soon the whole group have met up at the bottom of the quarry splashing each other until they found it too cold and got out with chattering teeth.

“I don’t know why we decided to do this in fall. It’s fucking freezing!” The brown haired boy complained, walking up the hill of rocks to get back to the group’s clothes.

“Shut up Eddie, it's tradition! And you weren't complaining when Mike gave you a piggy back ride in the water.” Beverly joked as Mike shook his head in agreement.

“That's because Mike's the nicest! He makes everything nice!” Eddie exclaimed with his tiny high pitched voice.

“Y-y-you said i was the n-nicest last week Eddie! A-are you two timing w-w-with me?” Bill stutters in a teasing voice, a smile on his lips.

“It's okay Bill, you'll always be the nicest in my eyes” Stan spoke up, patting bill on the back with a fond look in his eyes. Bill smiled, Richie not knowing if it was out of amusement, or because the words really meant something to him.

“Eeww get a room!” Eddie said in faux disgust while faking up a gag. Ben and Beverly laugh at their interactions as they arrive at the top of the quarry again. They get their things and talk as they head towards a field a little farther away from the quarry.

Richie stayed silent as the group talked amongst themselves. They seemed all connected, like a family. Richie wouldn't know what to say. There's too many people to try to understand, and too many inside jokes he just wouldn't get. He thought it was better to stay silent as he threw his jacket over his cold wet hair, making it as a blanket of some sort.

As if Stan could read Richie's thoughts, he spoke up and said, “Richie, you're way too quiet, which is usually a good thing but right now it's kind of worrying now.”

Richie raised his eyes in surprised that Stan had noticed. “Don't worry my dear Stanley!” he threw up a fake accent on his loud voice. “Just feelin' a bit out of place! I'll get over it soon!” he said with a joking voice, but honest words. Stanley frowns, but knows he's telling the truth. He just needs some time to adjust. Adapt.

The other group members sat down in field full of dead golden grass and occasional flowers popping up. Richie stayed back, while Stan took a seat by Bill, sitting on their backpacks to avoid spiky grass or

dirt getting on their wet clothes. It was cute how good of friends Bill and Stan were. To be honest he thought bill might have a crush on his best friend which made him smile at the thought.

The brown eyed boy, Eddie, surprisingly stayed back too and took a seat next to Richie, not making eye contact. He smelled like peppermint and fresh pine. He smelled cold and clean, like a dentist's office, or a classroom on the first day of school. Though those were all intimidating things, it felt comforting.

Richie looked up at him in confusion. "Hi?" he croaked, his voice making it sound more like a question.

"You know what kinda flower that is?" Eddie pointed at a small patch of yellow and white flowers growing near a rock beside them, ignoring Richie's attempt at a greeting. His hands looked small and delicate, almost fragile. They looked to be shaking a little. Richie doesn't think he's nervous though, its probably just a normal thing for him.

"Huh?" Richie sounds confused. "A... sunflower?" he guessed. He doesn't know what a sunflower looks like. It actually looks nothing like a sunflower. Those were his favorite though, he's seen drawings of them but none in real life somehow. His parents didn't have much of a green thumb.

Eddie snorted and cracked a smile, causing richie to feel a bit offended. "It's a fucking celandine. They're a type of wild flower. Do you even know what sunflowers look like? They're tall, taller than you." he explained, scooting closer to the flowers to pick them up.

"You a flower expert? That's actually kinda cute." he says honestly. He does not mean to say it in a flirty way but it could easily be taken like that.

"I guess." he shrugged, he looked a little tense after that comment though. "Here help me pick these. Only these kinds though." he said as he picked some yellow ones and put them into his small left hand. His frame looks almost like a girls, small shoulders, short height, tiny hands. Richie thinks it's cute.

Richie starts picking flowers with Eddie, talking more about stupid flowers with him. Turns out he knows a shit load about them. The others in the group didn't seem to notice Eddie not being there. That or they didn't really care. They were still talking away about whatever, while Bill giggles into Stan's shoulder every now and then, like how a couple would. Stan didn't seem to care or notice. If they were a couple, it would totally be one sided. Stan doesn't seem to be as affectionate as Bill is. Maybe he's not a PDA type or something, the same way how Richie has always been uncomfortable by it, surprisingly.

"What are you gonna do with these?" Richie asks after a short moment of silence. He already had a few flowers picked that he held in his left hand, using the other to pick more of the wild flowers.

"Daisy chain! You can make them into bracelets or necklaces or a headband. Once i made a jump rope but Mike freaking jumped on it and smashed all the flowers. Everyone was so sad." he smiles, looking down at the flowers in his hands.

"Hmm. Like some kinda hippy shit? Seems pretty fucking cool Eds." Richie laughs and throws a hand on Eddie's back, careful to not hurt the flowers that he was holding.

"Eds?" Is that your nickname for me now? My name is Eddie...." he had a slight flush to his cheeks that Richie didn't notice. He didn't notice a lot of things.

"Well, technically, it's not even Eddie, it's Edward, so i win!! Eds it is!" Richie declared with a bright smile on his face. He has some crooked teeth, making him have a slight bunny teeth look. It didn't look bad though, it was cute, but that's not something that Richie would ever think of himself as.

"Win?? How do you win with something that i already knew! Wait-how did you even know my name's Edward?" He shouted half seriously while Richie snickers at the boy. "Give me those trashmouth," he says, softly grabbing the flowers from Richie's hand.

"You're calling me trashmouth too now? I'll have you know my mouth is the opposite of trashy! Your mom would know best." Richie

replied back to the boy, feeling a bit proud of himself. His specialty is mom jokes.

It takes Eddie a second to realize what that meant. "Ew! Don't talk about my mom! You're gross." Eddie yelled at richie. He pushed his short brown hair out of his eyes and sat back against the tree again, a little too close to Richie, making him tense up. Eddie looked comfortable and relaxed though. Richie figured he's probably just touch deprived unlike the other boy whos sitting peacefully next to him.

He watches as the smaller boy places the flowers on his thighs and takes two in his hands, tying them together. His hands are tiny so it probably helps him do these kinds of things.

"You're real good with your hands, huh?" Richie stated thoughtlessly, still staring at the boy looping flowers together.

"I'm going to ignore that because knowing you, for the two hours that i have, you mean something weird." Eddie said, focusing back onto threading his small delicate flowers together.

"What? No! I meant it as a nice thing!" Richie blurted, back pedaling. Though he usually means weird things, now was not one of those times!

"You're an idiot Richie." Eddie whispered loudly as he finished the flower chain in his hand. "Here! This one's for you, as for being a new member of our small club of losers!" Eddie gave Richie the circle of flowers, looking in a different direction and breaking their eye contact.

"Woah really! That's kinda romantic Eddie, you'd be a good boyfriend!" Richie chirped, putting the bracelet on delicately. He wouldn't want to break it since it's from someone he had just became friends with. It was a special moment for him, he thought.

"What, are you offering?" Eddie scoffed, snorting at how oblivious the boy is to how he makes his sentences sound.

"No! I meant that in a straight way! I swear!" Richie said, soon

laughing too when he realized how he made it sound.

“Shit, its getting late, i gotta go.’ Eddie stared down at his watch with a worried face. It made Richie's heart hurt when he looked like that. “See ya later trashmouth!!” he got up and put his black backpack on. He was wearing a fanny pack too, Richie had just noticed, he isn't sure why he needs both but doesn't question it. He's wearing short red shorts too which look kinda funny, but cute at the same time. Richie thinks that he would have a crush on him if he was a girl. He'd be a pretty girl.

After Eddie, his new friend, rode off on his bike Richie walked up to the rest of the group, hoping to join their conversation.

“Trashmouth finally arrives! Hey- where'd Eddie go?” Stan asks Richie, looking behind him to the road hoping to find the tan brunette boy.

“He said he had to leave, he looked a little stressed.” richie explained with a worried look.

“What! What were you doing with our poor Eddie!” Beverly spoke up, though they weren't good friends yet, Richie could tell she was joking.

“I would never harm my Eds! We're best friends after all, he made me this!” Richie held up the arm that had a flower chain looped around his small wrist. He smiled and looked up to the others in the group, they surprisingly looked surprised.

“He made you that? He must really like you, huh,” Mike smiled, teeth and all, at the flowery bracelet and then at Richie, making his heart skip a beat. He's not gay but he can recognize a beautiful man when he sees one.

“Yeah! Usually Eddie is distant towards people, but he is caring! He probably noticed you felt left out. He's always trying to make sure everyone feels comfortable.” Ben explained, then looking over to Beverly, as if he wanted her approval or agreement.

Richie isn't sure why but his heart kind of deflates when he realizes it

was just him being nice, and not genuine like towards him. He isn't upset though, it would have been worse if he was completely ignored he thinks to himself.

"Anyone wanna swim again?" Beverly suggests while unbuttoning her dress again.

"W-what the fuck B-bev. It's freezing, and the s-s-suns almost setting n-now." Bill gave the girl a disapproving look.

"Hm. Better late than never though, amirite ladies?" She says, looking around for agreements only to see the same disapproving face, even from Ben who Richie thinks has a crush on her or something. "Sunsets the best time to swim anyways." a few heads nod and shrug to that though.

Some people take off their shirts and head to swim with the pink sun shining down on them, while others stay above the quarry, having small quiet conversations and occasionally swatting pesky mosquitoes away.

After the six of them get tired and bored, they decide to pack up and go home. They say their goodbyes and hop on their bikes, heading in different directions towards their homes. Stan and Richie take the same road down to get to their homes though, they live in the same area.

"I'm glad you get along with the rest of the losers. I hope we can all become friends." Stan finally speaks up after a short lived silence. The only noise before was some birds and the buzzing of cicadas on the trees.

"Aw, stanny you big sap." Richie teases the boy riding beside him on his rusted royal blue bike. "You guys really call yourselves the losers though? Eddie referred you guys to that too earlier. Seems kinda self degrading."

"Not really that self degrading if you think of being a loser in a positive way. Bev made it up, she said it's reclaiming something and

making it more positive. She thinks being a loser will be a cool thing in a few years because of her. She's crazy.” stanley explains to richie.

He doesn't get the idea of reclaiming a word like that, but it makes him feel happy. He's happy to be apart of something like that. He's happy he's with people equally as lame as him. Makes him kind of relieved actually. If Stan was popular and had popular friends, he'd probably get a little worried he wouldn't fit in. It's something he always struggled with.

“What were you and Eddie talking about anyways? You guys were together for like an hour.” he asks but soon after the words fell from his mouth, his bike came to an abrupt stop, making his bike tires let out a screeching sound, Richie's doing the same too.

“Speak of the devil.” Richie said under his breath, but probably loud enough for the boy in front of him to hear. Eddie was near the kissing bridge, his back against the fence and his bike set down next to him. He had a scrape on his knee too that wasn't there before. He looked up to the both of him with his big brown puppy dog eyes. They were rimmed with red and looked a little glossy making both the boys worry.

“You okay Eddie? Richie told me you were leaving hours ago.” Stan asked Eddie, his voice filled with only worry and concern. He really loved Eddie, they've known eachother for 3 years and been best friends since.

“Yeah, i did but as soon as i got home my mom was... y'know, being my mom. We got in an argument again so i'm just.... Hanging out out here.” he shrugged, his voice sounding empty and dull, completely different from earlier when Richie and the rest of the losers were talking to him. Richie missed it.

“What? What about the mosquitos?” Richie wondered out loud about something that probably shouldn't be the first question to ask in this situation. Eddie help up some mosquito spray and shrugged. Richie didn't question why he conveniently just had that on him.

“Are you going to stay here all night? I'd offer for you to stay over but my dads being a dick as usual.” Stanley's voice dropping low in

guilt and pity.

"I don't know, i'll probably call Bill to ask if i can stay over, i don't know how that would even work though since he has speech therapy first thing in the morning." Eddie sighs and rubs his hands together. He's probably freezing, Richie thought to himself. It was about 45 degrees out and all Eddie was wearing was a thin tee shirt and some shorts. And his fanny pack of course, but he didn't think it did much for warmth.

"Hey wait, i have a house!" Richie suggested as the thought popped into his head. "It wouldn't be much of a problem if you stayed over, but we haven't been friends for more than a day so..." his voice trailing off.

"You'd really do that? For real? Thank you so much holy shit." Eddie's face perked up and his lips curled into a familiar and warm smile.

"If eddies coming i'm coming too! I could use a break from my dad, i already know he's going to be yelling at me right when i walk through my room." Stan sighs and looks down.

"Cool! So we're having a sleepover!"

Author's Note:

ahhhh this is my first actual fic ive posted in YEARS im kinda nervous LOL. sorry if its messy or if i didnt explain things well!! also! the diary at the beginning! sorry if its annoying, its going to become relevant in the story later on >:D

feel free to ask things about it if i didnt make some things clear!! and if you have any suggestions my blog is stenbrou.tumblr.com !!

OH AND, the title is based of the song the love club by lorde!